

# FEMININE FANCIES

## THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

### Fix Up Your Veranda in Summer.

The most popular place just now in city and country is the veranda. It is used more today than ever before. Part of the veranda should be screened off as a dining-room, or a little balcony porch built out of the second story for sleeping purposes. The desire for beautiful things is becoming more and more a part of the necessary arrangement of sleeping quarters. In fact, wherever it is possible to build a porch nowadays, there you will find it. The most serviceable treatment of the floor of a porch is to paint it. The color should be selected with regard to footprints and a slate color is the best. Two coats should be given the porch when new, and it will last a couple of years before repainting is necessary. It should be washed every few days, and a little milk in the water will give it a glossy appearance.

The furnishings of the veranda or porch can be as simple or as elaborate as one wishes. This is the day of porch furniture and one can carry out almost any scheme he has in mind. A good plan is to select the coolest corner of the porch and furnish it as a sort of reception room, with articles which will not be ruined by bad weather. The first thing to consider is protection from the sun. This can be done by means of vines of Virginia creeper or ivy, but an even better and cooler way is to have screens of Japanese matting which can be let down or rolled up at will. If rugs are desired, let them be the old-fashioned rag-rugs or the new Crex rugs. Chairs and tables should be of bickory because of its durability; or the wicker furniture with its easy chairs and chairs with footrests and a basket at each side for books or sewing. A table of the same material is quite an addition and is useful in serving afternoon tea. You have now an excellent place for receiving your friends in warm weather and a social place of gathering for the family in the evenings.

The rest of the porch need have but little in the way of furniture. A hammock in some convenient place, or one of the delightful Dayvantage hammocks is almost a necessity. An entrance lamp of wrought iron adds much to the artistic effect.

For table covers, sofa pillows and hammock cushions use a wash material. Make the pillow covers so that they will button on. In this way they can be easily slipped off and laundered.

A very appetizing sandwich for porch lunches or picnics is made with crackers,

cream cheese and stuffed olives. Take the cream cheese and mix it with the olives, which have previously been chopped very fine. Spread this between two of the crackers. No butter is needed.

Another delicious sandwich is made of bread cut to thin slices and lightly buttered. Between the pieces put a slice of tomato and a very little bit of mayonnaise dressing. These should be made only a short time before using.

A salad which is especially adapted to summer time is made of fruits. Cut in pieces, the size of a square of cut sugar, four apples, four bananas, one pear, four oranges and one cantaloupe.

Place lettuce leaves in your salad dish and pour this mixture on them. Then put over the whole French dressing and add a maraschino cherry or two. This will serve eight or ten people.

A good sponge cake is made with 3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of sifted flour, 1/2 cup of water and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Beat the eggs separately. Put in the yolks with the cup of sugar and beat until light, then add the 1 cup of sifted flour and 1/2 cup of water. Next put in the flouring and finally the baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven.



Correct Summer Porch Furnishings.

### Value of a Smile.

There are all kinds of smiles, from the smile of the coquette to the approving smile of mothers and grandmothers. There is the smile of the child who does not know trouble, and of the woman who puts trouble behind her and looks on the bright side of life. There is the smile which comes of perfectly good health and buoyancy of spirits, and there is again the smile of the sufferer who forgets self and shows only her bright side.

It is the woman with the smile who is wanted and loved by everyone. She does not need to be beautiful or wealthy. She carries with her the charm which admits her to society in general. We have every reason to believe that we were intended to get all the fun, humor and play possible in life. The long-faced, discontented woman is all wrong. She is like a black

thunder cloud on a summer's day. Such a woman needs a change; the monotony of her life should be broken in some way. No doubt she has lived such a strenuous life of all work and no play that she has forgotten how to laugh. But she should try to at least smile for her own sake.

### Belt and Hat Pins.

One of the latest fads among women is the combination belt and hat pin. The belt pin being transformed into a hat pin by merely screwing a long pin into the small eye. They are a complete enigma in oriental effect, with the metal rimmed with thin rhinestones, forming a border with a lace-like effect.

### Housekeeping With Boxes.

A BOX can play an important part in the furnishings of a house or its apartment, whether it be made in order from exact dimensions or bought from the surplus stock of some department store. Both are equally good.

In the first place, a box is a useful article for storing the winter clothing and furs. In the days of our grandparents, a cedar chest was considered almost a necessity. One that will answer the same purpose today can be made by taking a box and lining it thoroughly with tar paper. Fit a lid tightly over it, also lined with the same paper, and you will have a place which moths cannot invade.

Another use of the box is where there are open fireplaces. Such a box, large enough to hold wood the size of the opening, can be obtained or made; casters fitted to the bottom corners will enable it to be rolled back and forth.

In the bedroom the box assumes a more decorative shape. A fancy box of rattan, or of wood covered with cretonne, serves as a receptacle for shirtwaists. This, if made low enough, could be slipped under the bed, if the room is small.

A box just wide enough for your cupboard can be used for shoes. A window seat formed of a box covered with cushions with curtains in front will add much to the appearance of your room.

In the country the farmers use boxes covered with wire netting in which to place their meats until ready for use. This box is put high in the crook of a tree or similar place out of the way of animals.

But an even greater use is found for the box in making furniture for the house. In this case the boxes should be made according to dimensions. An excellent washstand with a shelf set in, and the open side to the front, can be made out of a box, the top of which is covered with a linen scarf and the sides and front hung with curtains. These curtains should come together in the front so that they may be separated when it is necessary to take out the towels or linen from the shelf beneath. Something on the same plan can be fashioned for a bureau, the box being taller and narrower, but with three or four shelves instead of one. This can be hung with cretonne or dotted swiss according to preference, and the top covered with a fancy cover. A mirror hung above completes the bureau. The same scheme may be carried out in other parts of the house—in the dining room for a sideboard

### "Womanly" Woman on Her Vacation.

NOTHING is sweeter than a "womanly" woman. And she is more readily distinguished when on her vacation than at any other time. One often hears the remark, "I like her, for she is so womanly." The word "womanly" is entirely descriptive, and it tells much. The "womanly" woman can always be depended upon.

On her vacation she has many chances to demonstrate her good qualities. She does not hesitate to give the choice seat next the window in the train to an elderly lady, or a young mother who is carrying a child. The "womanly" woman does not complain when the accommodations are not to her especial liking, and

her face is scarcely ever without its usual cheery smile. She is neither too frank or the opposite, and she can generally say the right thing at the proper time. She is neither too mannish nor too feminine. The mannish woman is generally regretting that she is not a man and is always trying to make other people forget that they owe anything to her sex. But not so with the "womanly" woman.

The woman who is really "womanly" is often more than gentle and sweet. She may have a very decided aversion to spiders, mice and the crawling June bugs, yet you could depend on her not to scream or faint if any of the "horrible" creatures crossed her path. She always has something within herself that is a



She does not hesitate to give the choice seat to the elderly lady.

foundation for strength in time of need and an inspiration to courage when courage is needed the most. In case of an accident she is one of the first to offer aid, with sympathy at least.

The expression "a popular girl or woman" does not necessarily mean she is a "womanly" woman. Yet she may be. A woman who is popular in the company of other women is quite frequently a "womanly" woman, a woman to the very core. It is the "womanly" part of a woman that men love. They do not care for a mannish girl, the girl who thinks of nothing else but her athletics or her clubs. They admire and respect the girl who is truly feminine in the highest sense of the word.

At the summer hotel, where many women spend their vacations, there are all kinds of women. The "womanly" woman is easily distinguished. She never has a special seat on the veranda. She is easily accommodated—any chair suits her. She does not complain of inconvenience at the dining table. She shares in the sick room. She is tender in her treatment of those who are weaker than herself and is apt to take the place of the under dog in a fight—especially if it be a case of gossip.

One never hears the "womanly" woman speak unkindly of those who are absent. She will repeat anything to their disadvantage. She is respected by all. By many she is envied. By all who really know her she is loved and never forgotten.

### Bed Spreads.

MANY housewives prefer to have their beds covered with spotless white, but others have adopted the new colored bed spreads. These are of heavy white cotton, stamped in graceful floral designs in deep rich colorings. They usually have a border of bowknots and vines, often in two tones of green or old blue. Other spreads are stamped to represent a lace drawwork and center over a color. For the country home or the room of a young girl the new spreads are especially suitable and pretty.

The Hagerberg bag is a quaint and pretty fashion during hot weather, and the familiar leather handbag has been replaced by this, the latest novelty.

A most attractive living-room drape is a gay little printed silk in delicate blues, pinks and greens on a cream-colored ground.

### New Handkerchiefs.

THE latest plan in vogue is to have exactly two handkerchiefs to match each shirtwaist. Many of the new colored patterns are of delicately corded linen, with solid color hemstitched edge of pastel green, blue, grey or rose. On the latest handkerchiefs from Paris all kinds of figures are embroidered, such as elephants, dogs and cats. An attractive style of the shirtwaist handkerchief is printed and hemstitched, with a cluster of leaves in a design in each corner. Another has a naturally colored bunch of violets embroidered within two scalloped lines of the matching tint, and a third shows a bunch of lilies embroidered in pale green.

## Mr. Justwed Goes in Bathing and Discovers a Few Things Under Water.

ON the morning after their arrival at By-the-Sea-View Mr. Justwed was up and about early. As Mrs. J. came down for breakfast she met Homer-dear just in from a long walk up the beach.

"Ah, I tell you, Blossom, this is great!" he cried ecstatically.

"It is good, isn't it?" she replied cheerily.

"Well, I just guess yes! Just smell this air! You can almost taste the salt in it, can't you? And the sea! I've been for a good walk up the beach, plodding and trudging along, with the foam-capped waves rolling and curling and dashing in and running away up the beach and then receding in a mad, wild dance of er—er—it's great, anyway! Made me think of 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' and that beautiful line from something that runs 'With a sound of his manifold voices.' Just wanted to plunge right in—clothes and all! I tell you I've been dreaming about a dip in the briny deep for the past two months. Just you wait until I get my bathing suit on!"

And from then on until 11 o'clock—the bathing hour—Mr. Justwed managed to make himself and Mrs. J. miserable with his effervescent, poetic spasms of oratory about the sea, its heaving billows and the joy of plunging therein.

In a trice, when the time came at last, Mr. J. emerged from his bathhouse into the all the glory, all the happiness and all the feeling of being the cynosure of critically disapproving eyes that a first appear-

ance each season in a bathing suit brings.

Shortly after Mrs. J. stepped from her bathhouse—about the fifth time on the beach in her new black-and-white-check bathing suit. She smiled at Mr. J. as she tripped along in the sand, admired by many.

"Now, Blossom," began Mr. J., as she joined him, "I want to impress upon you the necessity for caution. Though the beach appears to be perfectly safe, with so many around, the waves are strong and the undertow treacherous. You must be careful and not get separated from me. And—"

"Why, Homer," exclaimed Mrs. J., surprised, "I've been to the seashore before and I know perfectly—"

"That's all very true," interrupted Mr. J., grandly, "but you never can tell, you know. Watch what I do—and you will be perfectly safe. Can you swim?"

Mrs. J. paused a moment before answering. Then she smiled as she replied somewhat dubiously:

"Just a little, Homer; or, rather, I used to be able to, but I daresay I've forgotten how. And—"

"No, oh, no!" insisted Mr. J. "If you ever really knew how to swim you can do it again anytime—even though you haven't been in the water for years. Once you learn, you know, you never forget. Now, I used to be one of the best swimmers in my class at college, and I'll venture to say that I haven't forgotten a single stroke, though I haven't been in the ocean for two years. After we have

paddled around a bit on the beach here I'll show you how to swim way out and take the whitecaps. Come on, let's go!"

So, hand in hand, they started down the shelving beach into the sea. And straightway things began to happen to Mr. J.

Just at the precise moment when he was giving Mrs. J. superior advice as to how to enter the water—as the wave receded—Homer-dear stepped on a sharp pebble, drew up his foot quickly with a whole-souled "Ouch!" and toppled over. He scrambled to his feet just in time to be caught by the next incoming wave and slipped and banged along to the beach willy-nilly. Was Homer-dear mad?

"Hubb! fine! That would be a good joke on me!"

So, in pursuit of his sudden idea, Mr. J. sneaked into the water when Mrs. J. wasn't looking. Watching his opportunity, he stole near her grandly. Her

back was turned to him as she clung to the rope, enjoying being tossed about by each incoming swell. Locating her position directly in front of him, Mr. J. dived under water, opened his eyes and swam toward Mrs. Justwed. The water was clear and green and he could see clearly his hands and arms and the white pebbles on the sandy beach as he swam.

A sudden he saw before him a pair of legs—daintily feminine—even though the water magnified them considerably. He grabbed—one in each hand—and patted with all his might, at the same time letting his own feet rest on the bottom to increase his pull. Down came the owner

of the legs pell-mell into the water—and Mr. Justwed rose to the surface laughing with all his might in anticipation of Blossom's surprise at being properly and suddenly "ducked."

But Homer-dear's wet smile froze on his face as the waters parted and a chunky, chubby, bloated, angry face came to the surface screaming lustily for help.

"I—I beg your pardon, Madame!" Mr. Justwed stammered. "I—I made a mistake and—"

But the fat woman was as mad as she was wet.

Sneezing and coughing and blowing like a porpoise, she finally managed to scream:

"Help! Help!"

"Now, Madame," began Mr. Justwed, "do calm yourself and—"

"Oh!" stormed the fat lady, suddenly recovered to realize that she should be mad and upon whom she should vent her wrath. "Oh! you—you—you beast! You fresh, villainous brute! How dare you! I'll call my husband and he'll thrash you within an inch of your life! Will! Will! Come here! I've been insulted!"

"Now, Madame, please accept my humble apologies," Mr. J. ventured again. "I mistook you for my wife and—"

"Mistook me for your wife?" thundered the fat lady. "Then you're a worse brute than I took you for! A man who would treat his own wife that way! Ugh!"

Just then, fortunately, Mrs. Justwed, who had been standing nearby explaining every bit of it, interfered and explained,



He scrambled to his feet just in time to be caught by the next incoming wave.

elaborately and convincingly, that she and Homer-dear had been playing "tag" in the water and that he had really made an unfortunate mistake. So, by the time "Will!" came up everything was satisfactorily adjusted.

Homer-dear was truly grateful to Mrs. J., though, as far as "Will" was concerned, there was but little occasion for alarm, as that individual was precisely the sort of a skilful husband a militant fat lady of the type "ducked" might be expected to have chosen and dragged to the altar.

Moreover, Mrs. Justwed kept up the bluff beautifully.

"Come on, Homer," she cried. "You're 'It'! Tag me, if you can."

And, with an easy, graceful overhead stroke, she started away from the beach—straight for the open sea.

Mr. Justwed was appalled.

"Watch out, Blossom!" he called, fearfully. "Come back! You're over your depth!"

"Come on after me—if you can!" cried Mrs. J., tauntingly.

And for the next 20 minutes Homer-dear, so astonished that he actually rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was not dreaming, saw Mrs. J. mount each incoming whitewash with the strong, steady stroke of an expert swimmer as she went further and further out, waving a taunting challenge all the while to Homer-dear to come after her.

But there was nothing doing—Homer-dear preferring to cling to the ropes at a safe distance from the fat ladies.

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

## A CORNER FOR MEN

### Mr. A. Good Fellow on Vacation Money.

WOULDN'T the good old summertime be all to the merry if our vacations didn't cost anything?" questioned Mr. A. Good Fellow after his pal, who was perusing the Sunday papers with him, called his attention to one of the advertisements for the summer resort section. "Well, I just guess yes! This vacation business is a funny thing, anyway. You save and skimp and economize—if you happen to be a thrifty, non-sportive person—all the year round, and then go off somewhere for two weeks and blow in all your hard-earned savings with the grace and abandon of a multi-millionaire! Nothing is too good for you—and you want everything you see! Then, when you get back home, it takes about two weeks more to accustom yourself again to the old, frugal, count-your-pennies way of living. Vacation, you see, is the time when the sun shines brightest for the chronic bluffer to make his bay.

"But that part of it is all right. It's the corralling of the money that is doing the winds that gets my goat. Now listen to this little tale of woe, and get out your handkerchief to catch real man-sized tears. For the past month your Uncle William has been squeezing every copper that came into his hands until the eagle screamed. Talk about your tight-wads and misers! Why, bo, I had them all skinned forty ways from Sunday—clear across the board and back again. I even wrapped my hands in fly-paper so none of the coin would slip through my fingers! You haven't seen me blushing the high places recently, have you? You haven't noticed any prodigality or riotous living on my part in the past month, have

you? No! Not even two bit's worth! What have I been doing—eh, what have I been doing? Stowing every single solitaire I could get my hands on away in an old sock for my vacation ramble where the cool breezes blow! Honest, bo, I've gotten on the outside of so many egg sandwiches for lunch during the past month that my digestive apparatus turns over and groans aloud whenever I think of 'Sunny-side up' or 'Adam and Eve on a raft'!"

"Now, after all this Betty Green business of mine with vacation two days off for me, what do I do? Go down to the bank and draw my little nest-egg, buy my railroad ticket and get all ready for my flight? Again, nothing doing!"

"What I do do, though, is to run into a half-dozen of the boys last evening, just as I was wending my peaceful way homeward to bury my nose in a book and save money by so doing. They were not for a little 'sitting,' all right, and I after listening to their oily tongues for awhile and picturing what an ever-present help would be, consented to sit in for awhile and dally with the red, white and blue lozenges a bit. I dalled, all to the merrily, and I bit all right, don't you forget it! When I cashed in at 2 o'clock this A. M. your Uncle William had lost every last cent of his vacation take—and then some! I see where I get my vacation this summer—looking out the front windows! Why do we do it, I want to know! When a fellow's got a nice little vacation pile all present and accounted for, why in the deuce does he have to get it into his sky-pace that he can just about double it at a nice little game of stud? That's what I don't understand—and you

can take it from me, bo, that there's many more men in my boat too! What's that? Haven't I got anything left? Sure! I've got just enough to buy a stack and get back into the game again tonight! I'll win then Atlantic City and the gay and festive Boardwalk for mine! If I lose, then I've had my vacation—for two nights at the green table!"

"Fine; hoo's yerself?"

### A Queer Answer.

A REGIMENT of soldiers had camped for the night and a young Scottish recruit had been placed on guard outside the general's tent. In the morning the commander awoke and, sticking his head out of the tent, spoke to the recruit in a loud and stern voice:

"Who are you?"

The young man turned around and replied:

"Fine; hoo's yerself?"

### Enormous White House Expenses.

WHEN President Taft left Cincinnati to take up his abode in the White House at Washington he may or may not have known what the change would cost him, the price of the house that would shelter him, the fuel to keep him warm in winter, the ice to keep him cool in summer, the electricity and gas, with which the mansion is lighted. He

certainly knew that his living expenses would have to be paid out of his own pocket, but what these expenses are during four years would almost keep a corps of accountants busy in totalling up the figures. The salary of the president of the country is not estimated on a commercial basis. The entertainments he gives must be of the greatest elegance.

The domestics at the White House are paid by the government, but the personal expenses are paid by the President and Mrs. Taft. The government supplies the President with a barber, stable groom and laborers, a maid for Mrs. Taft and a steward who has charge of the household supplies.

If the President or any of his family become ill the regular surgeons and physicians of the Army and Navy are sent them. In case of the death of the President while he was in office the government would bury him, and his widow would probably receive an annual pension

of \$5,000. Repairs on the White House are paid for by the government. Taft has \$35,000 at his disposal each year for furnishing the White House. A similar amount is allowed for repairs; \$1,000 is allowed for the taking care of the grounds, \$100 for greenhouse and \$50,000 for fuel. The President has to pay nearly all the expenses of entertaining. These affairs, especially in winter, are very elaborate and cost a great deal of money. Taft spends \$1,000 per month for each of his state banquets. The music, supplied by the Marine Band, is free, being given by the government for such occasions. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year is allowed for traveling expenses, but this amount is insufficient and the President has to make up the deficiency. Of the monarchs of the world the czar of Russia is said to receive the largest salary. His income is about \$12,000,000 per year, this from his state pay and private income combined.

### A Good Substantial Brick House, Costing \$5,000.



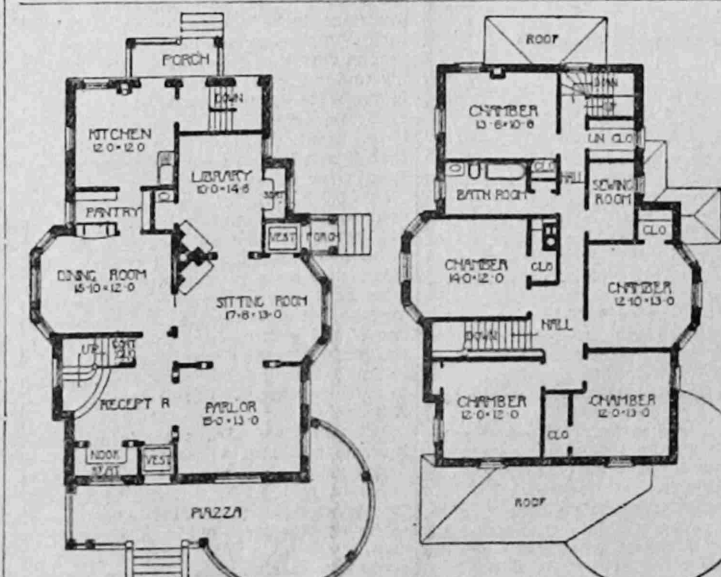
Chas. S. Sedgwick, Architect, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE size of the house shown in our illustration is 25 feet wide, and contains five rooms on the first floor and five on the second, exclusive of a large reception hall. This is a convenient, roomy and well-arranged house, with every modern convenience for comfort.

The construction is with solid brick

walls, furred on the inside to make them dry, a high pitched gable roof, with wide projected eaves, the timbers showing on the underside. The attic provides ample space for a fine amusement room, servants' rooms and a store room. The general treatment of the exterior is very plain, without attempt at display. It makes a good appearance and will always

look well without being showy. There is a wide piazza across the front, and with a section at the right hand 22 feet in diameter, giving a splendid floor for outdoor comfort. The porch, sitting room and dining room are well opened together with wide columned arches. There are many pretty features in the plan. At the side and rear of sitting room is a recessed entrance, back of the sitting room



is a very commodious library, and provided with closet and toilet. No that this room can be used for sleeping purposes if desired.

This house can be built for \$5,000, exclusive of heating and plumbing. There are two chimneys, two fire places, large pantry, rear stairs, etc.

The first story is finished, a hardwood and the second story is plain. The attic is painted. There are plenty of large closets, a fine large bathroom and a good sewing-room and linen closet. All rooms are well-lighted with large sized windows, and the entire appearance is one of liberality and solid comfort.

### Mystery of Chewing Gum.

CHEWING-GUM has been called the mysterious confection, for out of the millions of persons who use it there are very few who are aware how it is manufactured, and they really do not know what they are masticating.

As a matter of fact, chewing-gum is nothing more than chicle mixed with sugar and flavoring to give it the pleasing taste. This chicle is the gum of a tree which grows plentifully in Mexico and Central America, and in recent years it has been cultivated on a large scale in Yucatan, where one company owns several million acres of the trees. The chicle tree is very similar to the lada rubber tree, and the gum was first shipped to America by men who were c-

the opinion that they had discovered a perfect substitute for rubber. The chicle gum was found to be insoluble and therefore could not take the place of the rubber gum. (To this day there has not been an acid, spirit, alkali or other found that will dissolve the gum.) As a consequence of this large shipments of the gum lay unused and unsalable on the gum docks at Brooklyn. The gum is reddish and has sort of a rubber look about it. The fact that the gum could be used for chewing purposes was discovered through an accident. One of the men who examined it placing a small piece in his mouth. He was surprised at its consistency and he invented chewing-gum.